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## On Shadows A Death

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Korwel: On Shadows A Death

MY ROBE

Perhaps you've got a robe like mine, whose beauty has faded  
by the passing of time  
It hangs behind the bathroom door, and I guess has become a  
real eye sore  
When new it was perky all fluffy and quilted, now it hangs on  
a hook all lifeless and wilted  
Its backside thinning and dangerously worn, a few buttons  
missing, and a pocket it torn  
But I think of it as a real good friend, whose ease and comfort  
and warmth does lend  
It's shapeless and beltless and looks quite forlorn, it wraps  
'round my body and just fits my form  
To hand onto this robe is really quite silly, as I have other  
ones that are pretty and frilly  
And the day will soon come when I'll lay it to rest, and take  
the pretty one out of the chest  
All stiff and starchy and uncomfortably trim, it will take  
many months 'till this robe is broke in  
It will see me through breakfasts and times when I'm ill  
And on cool winter evenings will ward off the chill  
And just as all friendships that weather the storm, it will  
always be waiting, loving and warm

— Shirley Moravec

OIL, RIG

1982 summer season,  
Opens off shore  
Drilling.  
Public lands and areas leased to  
Big oil  
Buy Watts his name,  
Virgin bottoms and America's shores  
Exposed  
Wet appetite of environmental  
Rapists,  
Who take and take, till glut.  
Phony prophets motive,  
Freedom from oil dependence  
Silences screams.  
Anti-American oil independence?  
You must be for the Arabs,  
The conservation cry babies,  
Or your Red.  
We'll miss the birds  
And fish and fauna  
But we'll have platforms to name  
After disappearing species.

— J.B. Korwel

ON SHADOWS A DEATH

*From a distance in silhouette, a big buck deer or a  
Moose  
Looks  
Like a man with his arms outstretched to his  
God.  
From  
a distance in silhouette, a big buck deer or  
A  
Moose  
Looks at a man with his arms outstretched to his God.*

*From a distance in silhouette, a big buck deer or a  
Moose  
looks  
at a  
man,  
alarmed  
that  
Both were reached out to and created by the same God.  
From a distance in silhouette  
a  
big  
Buck deer or a moose looks  
on  
as an  
armed man, reaches out, shoots  
and  
sends Bullwinkle to meet his God.  
— J.B. Korwel*

RAIN IN SPRING

*Seven A.M. April Nineth:  
Rain splatters my window  
The rain came to Earth  
makes things fine  
To give new birth  
The Earth dines  
on the beautiful feast  
Least-wise I chuckle softly to myself  
It's good weather for the ducks  
whose clucking sound wonderful  
Rain makes us seemingly sleep and dream  
or move toward gleaming twinkling stars  
I choose to return to slumber: the rain  
will keep  
The brain needs to rest too: to function  
anew and at its best  
The rain is an uninvited guest:  
it can come back another day;  
It appears that I shall hear rain  
as music to my ears.*

— Linda Carol Wilko